

PROMINENT PEOPLE

MADE G. O. P. TAKE NOTICE



Obadiah Gardner of Rockland, Me., is a late arrival in the ranks of men who have made the world pause for a moment to speculate and wonder. It is very doubtful whether one man in 20,000 in the United States outside of Maine had ever heard the name Obadiah Gardner a month or two ago. It is quite certain that outside of New England his quaint Yankee name would have aroused no shade of interest in the mind of the average reader. Probably a few days more and the hurrying, selfish world will reflect as little of him as it knew day before the recent election. Yet for the time being he has made some 25,000,000 of people sit sharply up and take notice of his existence in a little rural village up in the rock-bound Maine.

For Obadiah Gardner is the man who came within a narrow margin of carrying his state over bodily into the Democratic camp. Two occasions there have been recorded for the last, oh, many and many years, when the good state of Maine failed to remain in the G. O. P. line-up in the matter of electing a governor. Obadiah nearly made it three times. That he didn't quite do so is a result for which his opponent may thank the national Republican organization, which bent every effort to save the state to the party for the effect it might have upon the presidential election two months later. The most eloquent and noted speakers at the call of the national committee were hustled over into Maine for a whirlwind campaign and all the influences possible were brought into the battle.

Mr. Gardner, who gave the G. O. P. so wild a scare, is a plain, everyday sort of a farmer, shrewd, fluent of speech and earnest of manner, with a way about him that appeals to the average plain-spoken and hard-headed resident of the Pine tree state. He is the head officer of the state grange, which unites the farmers of Maine in a strong fraternity, and he has a wide personal acquaintance among the farmers. Moreover, he was shrewd enough to stick the national political issues in a revival of the prohibition question, and thus arouse a red-hot fight in which party lines were almost entirely wiped out by the voters. Up to the last few days his success seemed a certainty, and as it was he carried many towns and cities that haven't gone Democratic before since the notable days of the lamented Gov. Kent.

HEADS NEW DIOCESE



Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon of Chicago has been named by the Vatican as first bishop of the newly created Catholic diocese of Rockford, Ill. The selection was really made by the priests of the Chicago archdiocese, for upon the list of names submitted to his holiness that of Mr. Muldoon, like Ben Adhem's, led all the rest, while it was further indorsed as "most worthy."

Mr. Muldoon was something of a bishop before, having been some time since given the titular honors as bishop of Tammus. The fact that there is no diocese of Tammus made the rank a purely honorary one, after a pleasant fashion of the mother church.

The new chief of the new diocese of Rockford is one of the most eloquent men of his faith in the middle west. Born and educated in California, he studied theology and philosophy in Kentucky and Baltimore, and was ordained a priest in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1886. He was at once located in Chicago, and his rise has been rapid. In 1898 the late Archbishop Feehan made him chancellor of the archdiocese and episcopal secretary. He was made vicar general three years later and given his titular bishopric.

In the educational work of the church Bishop Muldoon has been a forceful factor also. While rector of the parish of St. Charles Borromeo he gave it an academy, a high school for girls and a parochial school that set a new mark for the archdiocese. He had personal supervision of the two first named institutions, and they are recognized throughout the educational field of the church as models. He was the head of the Catholic department of the educational exhibit at the Chicago world's fair, and his interest in everything pertaining to broad educational work has been deep and unselfish.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST ADMIRAL



Richard Moorman, England's oldest admiral, has just celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday anniversary. Probably no other naval officer in the world can boast a longer record, as he entered the British navy at 13. His memory of service afloat goes back to the year 1823, and he has some wondrous yarns to spin of life and adventure on many seas.

One of the most singular experiences which he takes pleasure in relating is rubbing noses—literally—with a Maori queen, who in her turn had "rubbed noses" with Capt. Cook, the famous explorer.

"The Maoris in those days," said the admiral in the course of a recent interview, "were a cannibal tribe on the west coast of New Zealand. I was one of the first to visit them. This was as far back as 1827. I revisited the Maoris 16 years later, when Sir George Grey was governor, and met the chief of the Maoris. He remembered my earlier visit. The chief and I became very friendly, and he committed to my charge his grandson, who was, in a way, prince regent of the country. I kept him a year on my ship and then persuaded the British government to give him an education."

Admiral Moorman has the distinction of having commanded the first screw-propelled warship in the British navy, the Rattler. It was a complimentary appointment which he had won through his merit in naval gunnery. After commanding the Rattler for some time he was transferred to the first paddle wheel ship in the navy; and he has witnessed all the wonderful changes in steam propulsion which have taken place since those early days.

The aged admiral is as remarkable for his idea of naval reform as he is for his singular experiences. He always has made a stand against promotion through favoritism. He was among the very first to plead for the advancement of men from the lower deck.

TOOK PART IN LYNCHING BEE



William Van Amberg Sullivan, former United States senator from Mississippi, having been out of the public eye and mind for a year or two, has projected himself back into view by means of his recent participation in a southern lynching bee and his defense of his course through the public press.

During his public career the Mississippian occupied much more than his share of public attention. He was sent to the senate by the appointment of Gov. McLaurin in 1898. Shortly after that he announced that he was to marry Mrs. Marie Atkins. The first response was a breach of promise suit by Miss Lucy Leelin of his home town of Oxford.

The suit was settled and the matter was permitted to drop. A few weeks later Sullivan had an altercation with a colored Pullman car porter, assaulted him and was sued for \$50,000 damages. When he went back to Washington to be married he was so fearful of injury by the friends of the porter that he had a big squad of policemen about the doors and took a bodyguard of detectives along on his wedding tour.

In 1889 Editor Connolly of the Memphis Commercial-Appeal bitterly criticized Sullivan's vote on the Hawaiian question. The senator took his gun, hurried to Memphis and announced that he would shoot the editor. The men met and each had fired one shot when they were stopped. Having been named only for the unexpired term of Senator Walthall and failing to secure a re-election, Sullivan retired from the senate in 1901, and has since been numbered among the politically extinct. He is a lawyer, 58 years old.

Outwitted the Landlord.
When recently leasing a house in a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia the lessee failed to examine closely the terms of the lease. After a time his landlord called and reminded him that he was bound to do all the outside painting at certain intervals. The tenant protested in vain; so he engaged painters and ordered them to paint the whole front of the house red, white and blue—in stripes.

When it was finished the neighborhood rose up in arms and the landlord was frantic. The tenant polit-

ly explained that there was nothing in the lease about the color, so he intended to finish the job by painting the back of the house green, with large yellow spots. The landlord saw that he had met his match, and within a few days the tenant had a new lease, in which the landlord undertook to do the outside painting.—Lippincott's.

Hypothetical Question.
"Daddy," said the three-year-old, "what would you do if you loved me just as much as you do and didn't have any children only sister?"

A WOMAN LAWYER OF FRANCE



Our picture shows the lady lawyer, Mile. Miropolsky, pleading the cause of a client in the Paris law courts. Mile. Miropolsky, it may be noted, is by no means the only lady barrister practicing in Paris. The Paris bar has just decreed that its women members shall not publish their portraits in directories, as this is regarded as advertisement, and consequently unprofessional.

ADOPT A WHITE QUEEN

MEXICAN INDIANS HONOR WIFE OF MINE OWNER.

Acclamation Ceremony Follows Night of Hubbub by Tribesmen Carrying Gifts—Friendship Won by Acts of Kindness.

Mexico City.—The Indians of Zacualpan have adopted in due form and ceremony an American woman for their queen. The person who has just been so highly honored is Mrs. Maria Perry Eisenhart, wife of H. L. Eisenhart, an American mining man who has a rich mine in the Zacualpan district.

Mrs. Eisenhart won the warm friendship of the Indians by her many acts of kindness toward them. She visited them in their humble homes and administered to their wants when sick. She interested herself in their every-day life and traditions. She had little outside of the lowly Indians to afford her amusement or arouse her interest in the remote mountain mining camp where she and her husband lived. She had no idea, however, that the distinguished honor of making her queen of the tribe was to be conferred upon her. The Indians who inaugurated the movement to make her their queen went about the arrangement so quietly that it was not until all of their plans for the big event were finished that she became aware of what was about to be done.

On the day selected for the important ceremonies several hundred Indians went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhart at three o'clock in the morning and began making a great hubbub. They added to the noise by discharging firearms and beating up on tin pans. Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhart at first thought that their home was being attacked, but upon going to the door they were informed by the leader of the unique celebration that they had come to do special honor to Mrs. Eisenhart and that it was but the beginning of the ceremony which was to mark the event of making Mrs. Eisenhart their queen.

The noise on the outside of the house was kept up until daylight, when whole families of Indians began arriving from remote parts of the mountain region, each of them carrying some kind of a present for Mrs.

Eisenhart. The presents were deposited in one of the rooms of the house, and Mrs. Eisenhart welcomed each guest in true regal style.

The officials of the Indian village called during the morning to pay their respects, all of them pledging their support to her reign over the tribe as their queen. The ceremony of crowning Mrs. Eisenhart as "Reina de las Sierras," or queen of the mountains, took place at ten o'clock in the morning upon an elevated platform which had been erected for the purpose. It was an impressive event, in which aged Indians participated. The chief of the tribe placed a beautiful silver-trimmed crown upon the head of Mrs. Eisenhart, and she was officially declared to be queen of the Zacualpans. This crown was the handiwork of expert silversmiths among the Indians, and is of unique and beautiful workmanship. The silver from which it was made was obtained from the mountains and smelted in a crude way by the Indians.

The duties of Mrs. Eisenhart as queen are purely nominal. She is consulted on many simple affairs of the tribe, and her wishes and orders are implicitly obeyed.

MILKING RULE A LIFE RISK.

Woman-Hating Cow Kicks Man with an Apron.

Richmond Hill, L. I.—Because Brindle, a long-horned cow owned by George Koch, will permit no one but a man to milk her, Koch when he appeared at milking time attired in a long white apron, had his face cut open and bruised by a well-directed kick from the cow's hind leg. Koch wore an apron because the board of health has ordered all persons milking cows to wear them.

Brindle, while she is a woman hater, is easily deceived, and it is said that once a woman donned trousers and succeeded in milking the animal without trouble. When Koch came toward her wearing his apron tied around his neck and up under his chin the cow glanced over her shoulder, saw what appeared to be a petti-cola, and gave a kick that upset milk pail and milk.

Then she lashed out, cutting Koch's face above the left eye. Koch took to his heels.

NEGRO MAN TURNING WHITE.

Drinking from Spring Containing Arsenic Is Given as Cause.

Tulsa, Okla.—Jackson Warrible, a Creek negro, who lives five miles southeast of Mannford, is slowly turning white, and from a slim negro, weighing less than 140 pounds, he has changed, within three months, to a portly man weighing 225 pounds. Warrible's case baffles the most skilled physicians in this section of the country.

About two years ago he moved to the Harjo allotment, where he now resides. His metamorphosis dates from that time. He attributes it to drinking water from a mineral spring on the Harjo place. Certain it is that soon after coming onto the Harjo place the transformation from black to white began.

Large white blotches appeared here and there over his body. At first he thought the blotches were ringworms, and tried to check them, but without avail. Gradually the patches enlarged, until now Warrible has almost "emerged" from his native black skin.

A Deadly Doughnut.

Youngstown, O.—Mrs. Mary Wonderlich of Coalburg, near here, is in a serious condition from injuries caused by the explosion of a doughnut. Just what caused the explosion has not yet been determined. Several opinions have been advanced.

Some think Mrs. Wonderlich did not make the hole big enough to accommodate the air the dough surrounded. Others believe that air gathered in the folds of the dough and the heat

from the land caused it to explode. At all events, the doughnut blew up, not even the hole remaining.

Mrs. Wonderlich may never cook doughnuts again.

A woman never has a charitable thought for one of her husband's old sweethearts, but a man always has a tender fellow-feeling for all the others who so narrowly escaped his own fate.—Helen Rowland.

Good Jokes

THE BOASTER.

He never planted seeds that didn't grow. He never tried a job he couldn't do. He is always very quick. To detect the shrewdest trick. And nobody ever deceived him, it's true. He's a brilliant and a wonderful success. Though I never saw him show a roll of self. But I'm sure he must be great. For I'm very free to state. He's very often told me so himself.

He could write an epic poem if he chose. And Frohman wants him to write a play. He's been often urged to mix. In the game of politics. But he wouldn't use his talents in that way. He never failed in anything he tried. He has many styles of medals on his shelf. He advises public men. What to do and how and when. This I know, because he has told me so himself.

There aren't many things that he has never done. And it's certain that he's onto all the ropes. But with all his talk and blow. I would really like to know. If he ever tried to pick out cantaloupes? There is one thing more I'll bet he cannot do. And on it I'll wager now my wad of self. I will gamble now with you. Every solitary sou. He can't talk on any subject but himself.

—Detroit Free Press.

Wasted Energy.

"Ah, yes, his was a wasted life," sighed the baldheaded gentleman. "Was he dissipated? Had he any sympathy for work? Was he a gambler, a lover of fast horses, a—?" "Nay, nay," interrupted the bald-headed gentleman. "None of these, but far worse. He spent his life endeavoring to raise vegetables which should remotely resemble the gorgeous specimens he had seen in the seedman's catalogues."—Royal Magazine.

HER PREFERENCE.



Mr. Shy—Are you fond of animals? Miss Mature—Very! Mr. Shy—Which one do you like best? Miss Mature (with a far-away look)—Man.

The Lady's Opinion.

A certain member of congress from New England went to a southern state some years ago to make a few campaign speeches. It was his first experience in the south, and he had considerable to learn. One day he stopped at a farm house for dinner. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said to the lady presiding, "but I don't eat hot bread."

"Why don't you?" she asked, being quite as inexperienced in northern customs as the congressman was in southern. "Because it is indigestible and unhealthy."

"What kind do you eat?" "Cold bread, always."

She looked him over carefully, sizing up his scrawny form from every point of view, and after a survey she remarked with a sniff: "Well, it seems to me that it's about time you had a change of diet."—Judge.

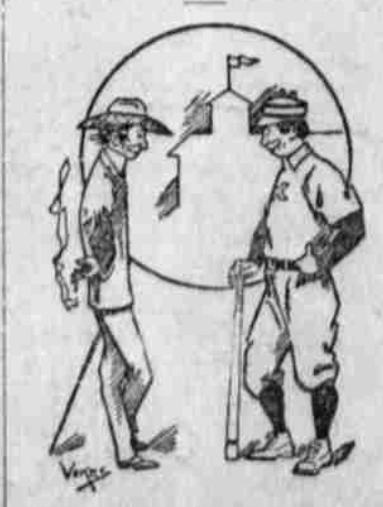
Another Philanthropist.

"Why don't you abolish straps and high tops on your street car lines?" "My friend," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, impressively, "scientists tell us that unless we take more exercise we will become mere creatures of brain, with neither arms nor legs. I'm trying to stand between humanity and an awful fate!"—Washington Star.

A Possible Explanation.

Anxious Mother—Don't you know that George Washington never, never told a lie? Sinful Boy—Maybe his mamma didn't care how much cakes and jam he took, and he wasn't 'fraild to tell her.—New York Weekly.

THE HIT'S THE THING.



Wright Field—So you think baseball players and actors are a good deal alike? Sockson Buskin—Even so, me friend. There's no chance of a run unless they make a hit.

FOR FAMILY USE.

"John," Mrs. Mugwump began, thoughtfully, "I've been thinking a lot about you lately."

"Something nice?" questioned hubby, with hopeful inflection. "Do you know," she went on, quite ignoring the bid for flattery, "that since we have lived here in the country and you have gone backward and forwards to the city every day, you have seen absolutely nothing of the children?"

"I don't see how that can be helped," replied Mugwump. "When I leave in the morning they are not up, and when I come back in the evening they're still in bed."

"Yes," assented the patient wife, "that is so, but you might at least send them a souvenir post card now and then."

A SNUB FOR THE SKIPPER.



Lady Passenger—How long shall we be before we reach Liverpool, captain? Captain (who hates to be approached by the passengers when on duty)—Don't know, ma'am, don't know. Better go and ask the cook.

Lady Passenger (somewhat taken aback, but equal to the occasion)—Oh, I beg your pardon. Excuse me, I thought I was addressing the cook.—London Telegraph.

Explained.

"They don't care for expense here," said the regular boarder at the summer resort hotel. "When you call for lemonade they give you a stalk or two of macaroni with it instead of a straw."

"I was just wondering," observed the new boarder, after a pause, "why this baked macaroni tastes so strongly of lemon juice."—Chicago Tribune.

Go by Contraries.

Bacon—Your wife is a dream! Egbert—Yes; dreams are contrary things, you know!—Yonkers Statesman.

SAVED MONEY.



"Did your husband have any sort of luck at the races yesterday?" "Splendid! The railway service broke down and he didn't get there till they were over."—London Opinion.

A Heartless Wretch.

"It is our first dinner together, darling, and I have invited our old friend Dr. Safeleigh to dine with us." The young wife was quite satisfied. The doctor came in time, was excellent company, and the various dishes, all prepared by the bride, apparently appreciated. It was not until the physician had gone that the wife grew thoughtful.

"Thomas," she suddenly broke out, "why, among all our friends, did you invite but one man, and that man a doctor, to dine with us today? Oh, Thomas, Thomas, to think that you were afraid to eat your first meal of my cooking without having a doctor at your very elbow!"—Royal Magazine.

Overcautious.

Capt. Kidd, the pirate, was burying his treasure. "I could lock it up in a safety deposit vault, of course," he said, "but I want to put the stuff where the personal property assessor will never hear of it."

So well did he do the job, in fact, that it hasn't turned up, even yet.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Worth It.

The Minister—I guess you made no mistake when you married that woman.

The Deacon—Oh, yes, I did. "You did?" "Yes, don't you remember I gave you ten dollars!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Surprised Editor.

"I have here," said the long-haired visitor, who had wandered into the sporting editor's room by mistake, "I have here a short poem I wrote on 'Niagara Falls.'"

"You don't say?" snorted the sporting editor. "How in thunder did you keep your paper from getting wet?"—Royal Magazine.

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The Ohio State Journal notes the misprints look much funnier to the editor when they're in some other paper. Yes, but they look about ten times as big in his own paper.

The duke of Aosta has been entertaining American officers. As brother to the young prince who is to marry an American girl, he probably feels that he is a relative-in-law to the United States.

A Berlin doctor says that most men might with advantage study the manner of eating by the giraffe, which masticates every mouthful 117 times before swallowing it. But look at the long neck he has!